

Days in Bithioath By M<sup>rs</sup> Fiske  
Miss in her Teens  
The Knights By Sam. Tootle  
Little  
Theatrical Manager

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*Dr. Newnham Dec: 7: 30  
1733*



THE  
REHEARSAL:  
OR,  
BAYS in PETTICOATS.  
A  
COMEDY  
In Two ACTS.







*Stone*

*Purple*

THE  
REHEARSAL:

OR,  
BAYS in PETTICOATS.

A  
COMEDY

In Two ACTS.

As it is performed at the  
Theatre Royal in *Drury-Lane*.

Written by Mrs. CLIVE.

The Music composed by Dr. BOYCE.

DUBLIN:

Printed for J. EXSHAW, and M. WILLIAMSON.  
M,DCC,LIII.

Two

KIRKMAN

DAY

COLE



Thomas Lloyd in Dwyer-Lane

Written by Mrs OLIVE

The above copy is the property of

DUBLIN

Printed by J. M. H. & Co. 11, St. James's Street, Dublin.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

**T**HIS little Piece was written above three Years since, and acted for my Benefit.----The last Scene was an Addition the Year after. Whatever Faults are in it, I hope, will be pardoned, when I inform the Public, I had at first no Design of printing it; and do it now at the Request of my Friends, who (as it met with so much Indulgence from the Audience) thought it might give some Pleasure in the reading.----The Songs were written by a Gentleman.

I take this Opportunity to assure the Public, I am, with great Gratitude and Respect,

*Their most Obliged,*

*Humble Servant,*

C. CLIVE.

# PERSONS.

## MEN.

WITLING,	Mr. WOODWARD.
Sir ALBANY ODELOVE,	Mr. SHUTER.
TOM,	Mr. MOZEEN.
PROMPTER,	Mr. CROSS.

## WOMEN.

Mrs. HAZARD,	Mrs. CLIVE.
Miss GIGGLE,	Miss MINORS.
Miss CROTCHET,	Miss HIPPISELY.
Miss SIDLE,	Mrs. SIMSON.
Miss DAWDLE,	Mrs. TOOGOOD.
GATTY,	Mrs. BENNET.

## PASTORAL CHARACTERS.

CORYDON,	Mr. BEARD.
MIRANDA,	Miss THOMAS.
MARCELLA,	Mrs. CLIVE.





THE  
REHEARSAL:

OR,  
BAYS in PETTICOATS.

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SCENE I.

*A Dressing-Room in Mrs. HAZARD'S House.*

*(GATTY preparing the Toylet.)*

*Enter TOM with Tea Things.*

GATTY.



ELL, I believe we are at present the most melancholy Family in Town, that us'd to be the merriest. Since these Devils, the Muses, (as my Lady calls 'em) have got into the House, they have turn'd her Head; and she distracts every body about her. She really was once a sweet-temper'd Woman; but now I can't speak, or stir, but she flies at me, and says I have flurr'd her out of one of the finest Thoughts!—Hang her! I wish her Farce may be hiss'd off the Stage.

TOM,



*The* REHEARSAL:

TOM.

That's but a foolish kind of Wish; for if she's so sweet-temper'd now, what do you think she'll be then?

GATTY.

I don't care what she'll be; for I'm determin'd not to stay with her. I am sure she uses me like her Dog.

TOM.

Does she? — Then you are an ungrateful Husfey to complain: for she is fonder of that than ever she was of her Husband. — I fancy this Farce of her's is horrid Stuff: for I observe, all her Visitors she reads it to (which is indeed every body that comes to the House) whisper as they come down Stairs, and laugh ready to kill themselves.

GATTY.

Yes, but that's at her Assurance. Why, do you know 'tis none of her own? a Gentleman only lent it her to read; he has been ill a great while at *Bath*; so she has taken the Advantage of that, made some little Alterations, had it set to Music, and has introduc'd it to the Stage as a Performance of her own.

TOM.

I hear Mr. *Surly*, that every body thought she was going to be married to, is so enrag'd at her, that he'll never speak to her, or see her again. One of his Footmen told me of it yesterday, as a great Secret, so I promis'd him never to mention it. — Don't you hear her Bell ring?

*(Rings.*

GATTY.



GATTY.

Hear her! yes, yes, I hear her; but I should have a fine Time on't, if I was to go to her, as often as she takes it in her Head to ring. (*Rings again.*) Ay, ay, ring away.

TOM.

Ay, ay, ring away. — I'gad here she comes. I with you well off. (*Exit.*)

*Enter Mrs. HAZARD.*

Mrs. HAZARD.

Why, what is the Meaning I must ring for an Hour, and none of ye will come near me, ye Animals? —

GATTY.

I was coming as fast as I cou'd.

Mrs. HAZARD.

As fast as you could! why, you move like a Snail that has been trod upon, you creeping Creature. — Let me die, but she has provok'd me into a fine Simile. Come, get the Things to dress me instantaneously. (*Tom with Tea and Coffee. She repeats Recitative, Oh, Corydon, &c.*) You, Tom, I'm at Home to no human Being this Morning but Mr. *Willing*. I've promis'd to carry him to the *Rehearsal* with me. (*Repeats Recitative, Gatty waiting with her Cap.*)

GATTY.

Madam, will you please to have your Cap on?

Mrs.

Mrs. HAZARD.

No! you Ideot; how durst you interrupt me, when you saw me so engag'd? As I am a Critic, this Creature will distract me!—Give me my Bottle of Salts.—She has ruin'd one of the finest Conclusions.—O *Cor.*—Lord! I can't sing a Note.—What are you doing?

GATTY.

Lord, Madam, I can't find them!

Mrs. HAZARD.

Here's a provoking Devil! fees 'em in my Hand, and wou'd not tell me of it! Get out of my Sight. (*Repeats Recitative*) Why, where are you going? am I to dress myself?

GATTY.

Madam, Mr. *Witling*.

*Enter* WITLING.

WITLING.

My dear Widow! you're hard at it I see. Come, give me some Tea. What is it, your Prologue, or Epilogue, pray?

Mrs. HAZARD.

O Lord! dear *Witling*!—Don't be ridiculous; for I'm in a horrid Humour.

WITLING.

Yes; and a horrid Dress too, I think. Why, 'tis almost ten.—What, is this your Rehearsal Habili-ment?

Mrs.

Mrs. HAZARD.

Why, that Creature that you see standing there, won't give me any thing to put on.

WITLING.

Well, do you know I have had such a Quarrel with *Frank Surly* upon your Account? We met last Night at Lady *Betty Brag's* Rout;—there was a vast deal of Company,—and they were all talking of your new Piece.

Mrs. HAZARD.

So, I suppose I was finely worried.

WITLING.

You shall hear: as soon as ever it was mentioned, we all burst out a laughing.

Mrs. HAZARD.

You did!—and pray what did you laugh at?

WITLING.

Hey!—why—oh, at *Frank Surly*; he look'd so like a—ha, ha, ha, i'gad I can't find a Simile that can give you an Idea of such a Face. Oh, thinks I, my dear, you're in a fine Humour to make us some Diversion. So, says I, *Frank*, I hear the Match is quite concluded between Mrs. *Hazard* and you; and that she has fix'd the first Night of her Comedy for your Wedding-Night. —Sir, says he, (with a very grave Face) you may say what you please of Mrs. *Hazard*; for as she's going to expose herself, she must expect that every Fool will be as impertinent as she is ridiculous: — but I would advise you not to mention my Name any more  
in

in that Manner, for, if you do, I shall take it extremely ill. Lord! says Miss Giggles, Mr. Surly, how can you be so cross? expose herself! — I'll swear, I believe Mrs. Hazard can write a very pretty Play, for she has a great deal of Wit and Humour.—Wit and Humour! says he, why there are not ten Women in the Creation that have Sense enough to write a consistent *N. B.*—Marry her! I would sooner marry a Woman that had been detected in ten Amours, than one, who, in Defiance to all Advice, and without the Pretence that most People write for, (for every body knows she's a Woman of Fortune) will convince the whole World she's an Idiot.

Mrs. HAZARD.

A Bear! a Brute! let me hear no more of him.

WITLING.

Yes, but I must tell you a very good thing that I said to him.

Mrs. HAZARD.

No, that you can't I'm sure, *Witling*; for you never said a good thing in your Life.

WITLING.

Nay, why shou'd you be so ill-natur'd to me? I'm sure I took your Part. Why, says I, *Frank*, how can you be such a Fool to quarrel with her? I wish she lik'd me half so well, as I'm sure she does you; she should write, and be hang'd if she wou'd, for any thing I car'd; for let them do what they will with her Performance, they can't damn her eight hundred a Year.

Mrs. HAZARD.

You said so, did you?

WITLING.

WITLING.

I said so!—No; Lord, Child!—How cou'd you think I cou'd say such a Thing. No, no, to be sure it was said by somebody in the Company. But upon Honour I don't know who.

Mrs. HAZARD.

What a Wretch is this?—But he is to carry a Party for me the first Night; so I must not quarrel with him. *(Aside.*

WITLING.

Well, but my dear *Hazard*, when does your Farce come out?

Mrs. HAZARD.

Why some time next Week; this is to be the last Rehearsal: and the Managers have promis'd they shall all be dress'd, that we may see exactly what Effect it will have.

WITLING.

Well, but don't your Head ach, when you think of the first Night? hey.—

Mrs. HAZARD.

Not in the least; the Town never his any Thing that is introduc'd to them, by a Person of Consequence and Breeding. Because they are sure they'll have nothing low.

WITLING.

Ay, but they mayn't be so sure they'll have nothing foolish.

B

Mrs.



Mrs. HAZARD.

Ha! —Why perhaps they mayn't find out one so soon as t'other. Ha, ha, ha, well, let me die if that is not a very good Thing.——But 'tis well for me, *Witling*, the Town don't hear me; not that I mean quite what I say neither, for to do them Justice, they're generally in the right in their Censure; tho' sometimes indeed they will out of Humanity forgive an Author Stupidity, and overlook his being a Fool; provided he will do them the Favour not to be a Beast; for which Reason, *Witling*, I have taken great Care to be delicate; I may be dull, but I am delicate; so that I am not at all afraid of the Town: I wish I could say the same of the Performers: Lord, what pity 'tis the great Tragedy Actors can't sing! I'm about a new Thing, which I shall call a Burletto, which I take from some Incidents in *Don Quixote*, that I believe will be as high Humour, as was ever brought upon the Stage. But then I shall want Actors; oh! if that dear *Garrick* cou'd but sing, what a *Don Quixote* he'd make!

WITLING.

Don't you think *Barry* wou'd be a better! he's so tall you know, and so finely made for't. If I was to advise, I would carry that to *Covent-Garden*.

Mrs. HAZARD.

*Covent-Garden*! Lord, I wou'dn't not think of it, it stands in such a bad Air.

WITLING.

Bad Air!

Mrs. HAZARD.

Ay; the Actors can't play there above three Days a Week. They have more need of a Physician, than a Poet, at that House.

WITLING.



WITLING.

But pray, Madam, you say you are to call your new Thing, a Burletto ; what is a Burletto ?

Mrs. HAZARD.

What is a Burletto ? why haven't you seen one at the *Hay-market*.

WITLING.

Yes ; but I don't know what it is for all that.

Mrs. HAZARD.

Don't you ! why then, let me die if I can tell you, but I believe it's a kind of poor Relation to an Opera.

WITLING.

Pray how many Characters have you in this Thing ?

Mrs. HAZARD.

Why I have but three ; for as I was observing, there's so few of them that can sing : nay I have but two indeed that are rational, for I have made one of them mad.

WITLING.

And who is to act that, pray ?

Mrs. HAZARD.

Why Mrs. *Clive* to be sure ; tho' I wish she don't spoil it ; for she's so conceited, and insolent, that she won't let me teach it her. You must know when I told her I had a Part for her in a Performance of mine, in the prettiest manner I was able, ( for one must be civil to these sort of People when one wants them ) says she, Indeed, Madam, I must see the whole Piece, for I shall take no Part in a new Thing, without chusing that which I think I can

act best. I have been a great Sufferer already, by the Manager's not doing Justice to my Genius; but I hope I shall next Year convince the Town, what fine Judgment they have: for I intend to play a capital Tragedy Part for my own Benefit.

WITLING.

And what did you say to her, pray?

Mrs. HAZARD.

Say to her! why do you think I wou'd venture to expostulate with her?—No, I desir'd Mr. *Garrick* wou'd take her in Hand; so he order'd her the Part of the Mad-woman directly.

WITLING.

Well, I think the Town will be vastly oblig'd to you, for giving them such an Entertainment, as I am told it is from every body that has heard it; tho' the ill-natur'd Part of your Acquaintance say 'tis none of your own.

Mrs. HAZARD.

Why whose do they say it is, pray?—Not yours, *Witling*; not quite so bad as that I hope. No, my Motive for writing, was really Compassion; the Town has been so overwhelmed with Tragedies lately, that they are in one entire Fit of the Vapours.--They think they love 'em, but it's no such Thing. I was there one Night this Season at a Tragedy, and there was such an universal Yawn in the House, that, if it had not been for a great Quantity of Drums and Trumpets, that most judiciously every now and then came in to their Relief, the whole Audience would have fallen asleep.

*Enter* TOM.

TOM.

Madam, there's a young Miss desires to speak to you upon particular Business.

WITLING.

WITLING.

Heark'e *Tom*, are you sure 'tis a young Miss?—  
If 'tis an old one, don't let her come up; for they are  
a Sort of Creatures I have a great Aversion to.

Mrs. HAZARD.

Why, thou impertinent, stupid Wretch! did not I  
bid you deny me to every body? don't you know I  
am going out this Instant;

TOM.

Madam, 'tis not my Fault; I was not below, and  
they let her in.

Mrs. HAZARD.

I don't believe there is a Woman in the World  
has such a Collection of Devils in her House as I have.

*Enter* MISS.

MISS.

Mame,—your Servant.—Not to interrupt you.

Mrs. HAZARD.

Yes, Miss; but you have done that—What is your  
Business pray?

MISS.

Why, Mame—I was inform'd as how that there  
was a new Play of your's, Mame, a-coming out up-  
on the Stage, with some Singing in't.

Mrs. HAZARD.

Coming out upon the Stage! (Lord! where could  
this Creature come from!) Well, Miss.

MISS.

So, Mame, I have a Desire, (not that I have any  
Occasion) but 'tis my Fancy, Mame, to come and sing  
upon the Stage.

Mrs. HAZARD.

And a very odd Fancy I believe it is. — Well, Miss, you say, it is your Fancy to sing upon the Stage ; but, pray are you qualified ?

MISS.

O yes, Mame ; I have very good Friends.

Mrs. HAZARD.

This Girl's a Natural ! — Why, Miss, that's a very great Happiness ; but I believe a good Voice would be more material to your Fancy ; — I suppose you have a good Voice.

MISS.

No, Mame ; I can't say I have much Voice.

Mrs. HAZARD.

Ha, ha, she's delightful ! I am glad they let her in. Well, Miss, to be sure then you are a Mistress !

MISS.

Mame—what do you mean ?

Mrs. HAZARD.

Ha, ha ; I say, I imagine you understand Music perfectly well.

MISS.

No, Mame, I never learnt in my Life ; but 'tis my Fancy.

WITLING.

Miss is a very pretty Girl, I wish she'd take a Fancy to me, I believe it would answer my Purpose better than singing will her's. *(Aside.*

Mrs.

Mrs. HAZARD.

Well ; but, my Dear, as you confess you have neither Voice nor Judgment, to be sure you have a particular fine Ear !

MISS.

Yes, Mame, I've a very good Ear—that is when I sing by myself ; but the Music always puts me out.

Mrs. HAZARD.

Ha, ha. Well, Child, you have given an exceeding good Account of yourself, and I believe will make a very extraordinary Performer.

MISS.

Thank you, Mame, Yes, I believe I shall do very well in Time.

WITLING.

Pray, Miss, won't you favour us with a Song ?

MISS.

Yes, Sir ; If you please, I'll sing *Powerful Guardians of all Nature* : I've brought it with me.

Mrs. HAZARD.

Pray let's hear it. (*Miss sings.*) Oh fie ! Miss ! that will never do ; you speak your Words as plain as a Parish-Girl ; the Audience will never endure you in this kind of Singing, if they understand what you say : you must give your Words the *Italian* Accent, Child.—Come, you shall hear me. (*Mrs. Hazard sings in the Italian manner.*) There, Miss, that's the Taste of singing now.—But I must beg you wou'd excuse me at present ; I'm going to the Playhouse, and will certainly speak to the Managers about you ; for I dare believe you'll make a prodigious Figure upon the Stage.

WITLING.



*The* REHEARSAL:

WITLING.

That you will indeed, Miss. — The strangest that  
ever was seen there. *(Aside.)*

MISS.

Sir, I thank you, Mame, I thank you. Mame,  
I'll wait on you another Time.

Mrs. HAZARD.

Miss, your Servant. — No; that you shall not  
do, I promise you. *(Exit Miss.)*

*Enter* TOM.

TOM.

Madam, your Chair has been waiting a great  
while; 'Tis after Ten, above half an Hour.

Mrs. HAZARD.

My Stars! this driveling Girl has ruin'd me.  
Here, Gatty, get me my Shade; I'll go as I am.

WITLING.

Shan't I set you down?

Mrs. HAZARD.

Oh! not for the World! an Authorefs to be seen  
in the Chariot of a Fool, wou'd be the greatest Ab-  
surdity in Nature; we shall meet at the House.

WITLING.

Very well, Mame, and I shall be in the Pit the  
first Night; remember that. — Come, give me your  
Hand, however. *(Exeunt.)*

ACT





ACT II.

SCENE, *The Play-house.*

*Enter Mrs. HAZARD, Mr. WITLING, and  
Mr. CROSS.*

Mrs. HAZARD.

**M**R. *Cross*, your Servant. Has any body been to ask for me this Morning?

Mr. CROSS.

Not any body, Madam.

Mrs. HAZARD.

Well, that's very surprizing! I expected Half the Town wou'd have been trying to get in: but 'tis better as 'tis; for they wou'd only have interrupted the *Rebearsal*. So, Mr. *Cross*, I'll be denied to every body. Well, *Witling*, how do you like the Play-house in a Morning?

WITLING.

Why, I think 'tis like a fine Lady; it looks best by Candle-Light.

Mrs. HAZARD.

But pray, Mr. *Cross*, get every body ready; is the Music come?

Mr. CROSS.

Yes, Madam, the Music has been here this half Hour, and every body but Mrs. *Clive*; and, I dare say,

say, she'll not be long, for she's very punctual ; Mr. *Beard* and Miss *Thomas* are gone to dress.

Mrs. HAZARD.

Mr. *Cross*, you have had a great deal of Trouble with this Thing ; I don't know how I must make you amends ; but pray, when your Benefit is,—you have a Benefit, I suppose ?—set me down all your Side-Boxes, and every first Row in the Front ; I may want more ; but I shall certainly fill those.

Mr. CROSS.

Thank'ye, Madam.

*Enter a* SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Mr. *Cross*, there's a Person wants to speak to you.  
(*Exit Mr. Cross.*)

Mrs. HAZARD.

Well, I'll swear these poor Players have a very slavish Life ; I wonder how they are able to go through it !

*Enter* Mr. CROSS.

Mr. CROSS.

Madam, Mrs. *Clive* has sent Word, that she can't possibly wait on you this Morning, as she's oblig'd to go to some Ladies about her Benefit. But you may depend on her being very perfect, and ready to perform it whenever you please.

Mrs. HAZARD.

Mr. *Cross*, what did you say ? I can't believe what I have heard ! Mrs. *Clive* send me Word she can't come to my *Rehearsal*, and is gone to Ladies about her Benefit ! Sir, she shall have no Benefit. Mr. *Wit-ling*,

ling, did you ever hear of a Parallel to this Insolence? Give me my Copy, Sir; give me my Copy. I'll make Mrs. *Clive* repent treating me in this manner. Very fine indeed! to have the Assurance to prefer her Benefit to my *Rehearsal*! Mr. *Cross*, you need not give yourself the Trouble to set down any Places for me at your Benefit, for I'll never come into the Play-house any more.

WITLING.

Nay; but, my dear *Hazard*, don't put yourself into such a Passion, can't you rehearse her Part yourself? I dare say you'll do it better than she can?

Mr. CROSS.

Why, Madam, if you wou'd be so good, as the Music are here, and the other Characters dress'd, it would be very obliging: And if you please to put on Mrs. *Clive's*, her Dresser is here to attend, as she expected her, and I believe it will fit you exactly, as you're much of her Size.

Mrs. HAZARD.

O yes; to be sure it will fit me exactly, because I happen to be a Head taller, and, I hope, something better made.

WITLING.

Oh, my dear *Hazard*! put it on; put it on. Oh Lord! let me see you in a Play-house Dress.

Mrs. HAZARD.

Well, let me die, but I have a great Mind;—for I had set my Heart upon seeing the poor Thing rehears'd in its proper Dresses.—Well, *Witling*, shall I?—I think I will. Do you go into the Green Room and drink some Chocolate, I'll slip on the Things in a Minute. No; hang it, I won't take the Trouble; I'll rehearse as I am.

*Enter*

*Enter PERFORMERS dress'd.*

Miss *Thomas*, your Servant. Upon my Word, I am extremely happy to have you in my Performance; you'll do amazing well. Only I must beg you throw in as much Spirit as you can, without over-doing it; for that same Thing the Players call *Spirit*, they sometimes turn into Rant and Noise. Oh, Mr. *Beard*! your most Obedient. Sir, I shall be vastly oblig'd to you, I am sure; do you know that you sing better than any of 'em? But I hope you'd consider the Part you are to act with *Marcella*, is to be done with great Scorn: Therefore, as you have such a smiling, good-humour'd Face, I beg you'll endeavour to smother as many of your Dimples as you can in that Scene with her. Come, come, let us begin. We may omit the Overture.

MIRANDA, *Sola.*

# RECITATIVE.

*It must be so——my Shepherd ne'er shall prove  
A Renegade from the Faith of Love.  
Nor shall Marcella tear him from my Arms,  
Even tho' her Wealth be boundless as her Charms.*

Mrs. HAZARD.

That's pretty well, Madam, but I think you sing it too much; you should consider *Recitative* should be spoken as plain as possible; or else you'll lose the Expression.—I'll shew you what I mean.—No, no, go on now with the Symphony for the Song.

A I R.

*If Cupid once the Mind possess,  
All low Affections cease;  
No Troubles then can give Distress,  
No Tumult break the Peace.*

*Oh*

*Oh had I thousand Gifts in Store,  
Were I of Worlds the Queen,  
For him I'd covet thousands more,  
And call Profusion mean.*

2.

*Then let my Swain my Love return,  
And equal Raptures feel;  
Nor let his Passions cool, or burn,  
As Fortune winds her Wheel.  
If his fond Heart I may believe  
Immutably secure,  
No Sorrow then can make me grieve,  
No Loss can make me poor.*

RECITATIVE.

*But see he comes—I'll wear a short Disguise;  
Be false my Tongue!—be Hypocrites my Eyes!  
Nor to the Youth too wantonly impart  
The secret History of a faithful Heart.*

Enter CORYDON.

*What! from Marcella come!—Insulting Swain,  
Come ye to wake, and triumph in my Pain,  
Warm from those Lips whose cruel Sentence gave  
Thy Friend Philander an untimely Grave?*

RECITATIVE.

CORYDON.

*Marcella! name not the capricious Fair,  
One Smile from thee is worth Possession there.*

MIRANDA.

*Did not I hear her, in yon Hawthorn Bower,  
With Transport boast o'er Corydon her Power?*

C

A L R



## The REHEARSAL:

A I R.

C O R Y D O N.

*In vain, my Fair One, you complain,  
And charge the guiltless Boy in vain,  
Who ne'er was found untrue;  
The sweetest Image Thought can find,  
Thou best Idea of my Mind,  
My Soul is fill'd with you.*

2.

*Let but those Eyes, benignly bright,  
That look the Language of Delight,  
This spacious Globe review;  
If they can find an equal Fair,  
Be jealous then—and I'll take Care  
You shall have Reason too.*

M I R A N D A.

*Well—wou'd you ease my Breast, and Peace restore,  
Oh never see the vain Marcella more.*

D U E T.

M I R A N D A.

A I R.

*At length return, luxuriant Thought,  
Return and settle where you ought,  
Fiz'd by Experience dearly bought  
For sweet and useful Ends.  
Oft did I dread her subtle Care,  
And oft was jealous, tho' secure,  
What Agonies did I endure?  
But Love has made amends.*

C O R Y D O N.



## CORYDON.

*Joy were no Joy, and Pleasure vain,  
 Were there not Intervals of Pain;  
 The Captive who has felt a Chain  
     Is doubly blest when free.  
 I view with Transports the Abyss,  
 Which Powers propitious made me miss,  
 And rush with aching Thoughts of Bliss  
     To Safety, and to thee.*

## BOTH.

*Joy were no Joy, and Pleasure vain,  
 Were there not Intervals of Pain;  
 The Captive who has felt a Chain  
     Is doubly blest when free.  
 'Tis Clouds that make the Sun more bright,  
 'Tis Darkness that sets off the Light,  
 'Tis Sorrow gives to Joy its Height,  
     By Heaven's most kind Decree.*

## CORYDON.

*(Witling falls asleep.)  
 Soft! she approaches—seek yon poplar Glade,  
 And wait beneath the thick embowering Shade:  
 Yourself shall be a Witness to my Truth.*

*(Miranda retires.)*

## Enter MARCELLA.

*Oh Corydon, ah cruel charming Youth,  
 Look not so stern, I have no Hopes to blast;  
 My Love is come in Sighs to breathe its last.*

## A I R.

*The silver Rain, the pearly Dew,  
 The Gales that sweep along the Mead,  
 The soften'd Rocks have Sorrow knew,  
 And Marbles have found Tears to shed;*

28      *The* REHEARSAL:

*The sighing Trees, in every Grove,  
Have Pity, if they have not Love.*

2.

*Shall Things inanimate be kind,  
And every soft Sensation know;  
The weeping Rain, and sighing Wind,  
All, all, but thee, some Mercy show.  
Ah pity—if you scorn t'approve;  
Have Pity, if thou hast not Love.*

*(A Noise without.*

*Enter Miss GIGGLE, Sir ALBANY ODELOVE,  
Miss SIDLE, and Miss DAWDLE.*

Miss GIGGLE.

My dear Creature, I immensely rejoice to find you; do you know we have been at your House, and could not meet with a Creature that could give the least Account of you? Your Servants are all abroad, ha, ha, ha; they are certainly the worst Servants in the World, ha, ha, ha. Well, but my Dear, have you done? for we must have you with us. We are going to one of the breakfasting Places, but we don't know which yet, for they are all so immensely superb, that I can't touch my Breakfast at Home, ha, ha, ha! Lord, dear Creature, what makes you look so miserable? your new Thing is'nt a Tragedy, is it?

Mrs. HAZARD.

*Giggle, I'm astonish'd at you: Pray who are all these People you have brought upon me?—*

Miss GIGGLE.

Who are they, my Dear? I'll introduce you to them; they're immensely agreeable, all of them, ha, ha, ha.

Mrs.

Mrs. HAZARD.

Looke, Miss *Giggle*, if they are ever so immense, they must not stay here, for I'm going to be immensely busy, and will not be interrupted.

Miss GIGGLE.

My dear Creature, as to leaving you, 'tis not in the Nature of Things; I would not go without you for the World; Sir *Albany Odelowe*, Mrs. *Hazard*, desires to be introduced to you. Madam, this Gentleman is immensely fond of the Muses, and therefore must be agreeable to you. Miss *Sidle*, Miss *Dawdle*.  
(introduces 'em.

Mrs. HAZARD.

Mr. *Cross*,—I want to speak to you; I shall run mad.—  
(*Aside*.

Miss GIGGLE.

Lord *Witling*, what's the matter with Mrs. *Hazard*? She looks as if she could kill me.

WITLING.

The matter with her? ha, ha, ha! why, you have interrupted her Rehearsal. Ah, I could indulge such a Laugh! if you'll join with me, we shall have the finest Scene in the World.—She has made me sick to Death with her Stuff, and I will be revenged. You must know one of the Actresses has disappointed her, and she is going to sing her Part herself; so the Moment she begins, do you burst into a violent Laugh; we shall all join with you, you may be sure; and then you'll see the Consequence.—

Miss GIGGLE.

See! nay, I believe I shall feel the Consequence, for she'll certainly beat us immensely. Oh, I'll tell  
C 3 you

you what; let's set *Odelove* upon her, to enquire into the Plot of her Play—He'll plague her to Death, for he's immensely foolish.

WITLING.

Well—that's an admirable Thought.—Mum.—

Miss GIGGLE.

Well, but my dear Mrs. *Hazard*, don't let us interrupt you, for we are all immensely fond of a Rehearsal.

Miss DAWDLE.

Yes, so we are indeed, Madam, immensely.

WITLING.

So we are, immensely. *(Catches her Hand.*

Miss DAWDLE.

Lord! don't paw one so, Mr. *Witling*.—

Miss GIGGLE.

And so this is the Playhouse; I'll swear 'tis immensely pretty, and all the Music; well, if there was but a Scene of green Trees, we might fancy ourselves at *Ranelagh*, ha, ha, ha.

Mrs. HAZARD.

Why really by the Noise you make, and the Nonsense you talk, I think you might. Lookee, Miss *Giggle*, I shall be very plain with you; if you think it is possible for you to be quiet for Half an Hour, I shall be glad of your Company; if not, I must beg you'd depart.

Sir

Sir ALBANY.

Why really what the Lady says, is very pathetic and consequential to the foregoing Part of Miss *Giggle's* Behaviour; for when a Person of Parts, (as we are to suppose this Lady to be) is afflicted with Incoherences, it is such an Aggravation to our Intellects, as does in Fact require supernatural Patience to acquiesce thereto.

ALL

Ha! ha! ha!

Miss GIGGLE.

Very well, Sir *Albany*, I'll remember you for this—No, upon Honour, now I will be very good, I won't interrupt you indeed, won't speak another Word.—O la, *Witling*, do you know Miss *Lucy Lovebuffle* had such an immense ill Run last Night, she bragg'd every thing that came into her Hand, and lost every thing she bragg'd—'till she really looked as ugly as a Fiend.

WITLING.

I fancy you won then, *Giggle*: For I never saw you look so well.

Mrs. HAZARD.

Nay, as to that Matter, let *Giggle* win or lose, it will be pretty much the same thing with her Beauty; but come, Mr. *Cross*, pray let us go on. Let me see, I begin my Recit.

ALBANY.

*Corydon*.—

WITLING.

*Giggle*, I can tell you who's going to be married.

Miss



32      *The* REHEARSAL:

Miss SIDLE and Miss DAWDLE.

Oh Lord! who?—pray tell us?

WITLING.

The celebrated Miss *Shrimp* to Lord *Lovelittle*, a Man of very great Fortune.

Miss DAWDLE.

Really! well then, I think we none of us need to despair.

WITLING.

Come, don't you be envious now; for she's a charming Girl, and deserves her good Fortune.

Miss GIGGLE.

Charming!—nay then I shall never have done, I'm sure she's immensely little.

Sir ALBANY.

Oh fy Miss, that's Nonsense; horrid Nonsense! immensely little! Oh Lord!

WITLING.

Why, to be sure she is rather small, that must be allowed; she is certainly the least Woman that ever was seen for nothing.

Sir ALBANY.

Madam, as I was not so auspicious as to be here at the Beginning of this Affair, will you give me leave to ask you a few Questions?—

Mr. CROSS.

Madam, if you won't go on, the Music and Performers can't possibly stay any longer.

Mrs.

Mrs. HAZARD.

Why what can I do, Mr. Crofs? you see how I'm terrified with 'em.

WITLING.

She begins to be in a Fury. —Look at her, *Giggle*.

Sir ALBANY.

I say, Madam, will you give me Leave, as you're going to entertain the Town, (that is, I mean, to endeavour, or to attempt to entertain them) for let me tell you, fair Lady, 'tis not an easy thing to bring about. If Men, who are properly graduated in Learning, who have swallow'd the Tincture of a polite Education, who, as I may say, are Hand and Glove with the Classics, if such Genius's as I'm describing, fail of Success in Dramatical Occurrences, or Performances, ('tis the same Sense in the Latin) what must a poor Lady expect, who is ignorant as the Dirt?

Mrs. HAZARD.

Pray, Sir, how long have they let you out?

Sir ALBANY.

Therefore, I hope you have had the Advice of your Male Acquaintance, who will take some Care of your Diction, and see that you have observed that great Beauty, neglected by most Dramatic Authors, of Time and Place.

WITLING.

Oh Sir *Albany*, I'll answer she has taken Care of Time and Place; for it will begin about half an Hour after eight; and be acted at *Drury-lane* Theatre.—Ha, ha, ha, there's Time and Place for you.

Mrs.

Mrs. HAZARD.

And so, you're Hand and Glove with the Classics, are you? Why thou elaborate Idiot, how durst you venture to talk to any thing that's Rational?—Consult my Male Acquaintance! I thank my Stars, thou art not one of 'em. Where did you pick up this Creature?—what's his Name?—Can you spell your own Name, you ugly Brute?

Miss GIGGLE.

Oh Lord! it will never come to her Singing.

Miss SIDLE.

Pray, Madam, will there be any Dancing this Morning?

Mrs. HAZARD.

No—Mr. *Crofs*, who let these People in? I do assure you I shall complain to the Managers;—I have been so plagu'd there's no bearing it—I could tear these—I'm unfit for any thing now.—So the Rehearsal must be put off, 'till another Morning.

WITLING.

Ay do;—and let us go—

Mrs. HAZARD.

Go to—

WITLING.

To *Ranelagh*—I knew you would not name an angenteel Place.

Sir ALBANY.

The Lady has been somewhat underbred in her Behaviour to me; but as I have a Regard to the Fair Sex,

Sex, I would have some of you advise her to cry ;  
it will give Relief to her Passion.

Mrs. HAZARD.

Sir, will you go out of this Place ?

Sir ALBANY.

I protest, Madam, I will, directly. (Exit.

ALL.

Ha, ha, ha !

WITLING.

Well, but my dear Creature, you are not angry  
with me ? —

Mrs. HAZARD.

Indeed I am, *Witling*, and very angry too ; I  
don't believe I shall ever speak to you again. As  
for those Things, that run about littering the Town,  
and force themselves into all public Places only to  
shew their Insignificance, they are beneath my Re-  
sentment.—Mr. *Cross*, I'll settle with you, when I  
wou'd have another Rehearfal ; tho' I am not sure I  
ever will have another. —I believe I shall tear it  
to Pieces.—Pray let somebody see if my Chairmen  
are there.

WITLING.

Shall I wait on you ?

Mrs. HAZARD.

No.

(Exit.

WITLING.

Well, as Sir *Paul* says, Odsbud, she's a passionate  
Woman ; but her tearing it will only save the Au-  
dience

dience the Trouble of doing it for her. Come, Ladies, will you go? I'll see you to your Coach.

Mr. CROSS.

As the Ladies have been disappointed of Mrs. Hazard's Rehearfal, if they please to stay, we are going to practise a new Dance.

ALL.

Oh, by all Means.

A DANCE.



*FINIS.*



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